

Good Morning

s129

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This Lovely Held Up 'Frisco Bridge

THERE was a rumour recently that an attempt was to be made to dynamite the famous San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. When the Chief of Police in San Francisco heard it he said, "Huh, is this another Mary Hennessy stunt?"

He was referring to the time when Mary Hennessy, a Titian haired lovely, typist and telephone operator for the engineering company that built the bridge, held up work because of her beauty!

The bridge cost £25,000,000 to erect. It is the longest and most wonderful bridge in the world, two and a half times longer than the next one; yet the job was stopped for three or four weeks because Mary had what is called sex-appeal.

She was sitting at the telephone switchboard one day when she was called into the manager's office. He took her round to a room where he pointed to piles of flowers in boxes, flowers in bunches, flowers in ice, flowers everywhere.

Then before Mary could ask what it was all about the manager rang for the head stenographer. This lady came at the double, for she had been waiting for the buzz of the bell.

"Say your piece," said the manager to the head stenographer. The latter said her piece. It was sharp and to the point.

She and the whole crowd of stenographers, telephone operators, assistants, filing clerks and others had decided that Mary Hennessy was to be fired!

When Mary, bewildered, asked what for, the manager explained.

"The other girls," he said, "are indignant that all these flowers you saw have been sent in to you. The flowers have come from agents of iron and steel makers, from builders, from timber merchants, from commercials of all kinds. They have seen you and they have talked with you on the telephone. And these girls say you have to go."

"Well?" asked Mary fiercely. "You've got to go," said the manager. "We can't hold up the work. And the flowers are still arriving."

He took both girls into another room and showed piles of roses and other flowers, just come that morning. All for Mary Hennessy.

"The fact is," said the manager, "you are too pretty for the job."

But he didn't know Mary. She just declined to be fired.

"Even if I get flowers from contractors," she said, "why shouldn't I? You can't fire me because I'm good looking. I can't help that, can I?"

But the manager said she would be given a month's pay and she was to quit that day, or all the other girls would quit.

That made Mary wild. "If you give me the sack," she cried, "I'll go to the directors. I'll get publicity. I'll ring up the newspapers. I'll get picture men down. I'll show you."

The manager asked her to wait

while he spoke to the directors himself.

The directors had a special meeting to discuss the crisis. They sat all morning and couldn't come to a decision.

Then they called in a legal authority. This authority said they could fire anybody if they liked.

But Mary went to a director herself, and the result was that this director stamped into the afternoon session and declared that if they fired Mary he would take the case to the Attorney-General of California.

Mary engaged a lawyer, and he advised her to stick to her guns, and if they fired her he would sue the company for wrongful dismissal; and that would mean more publicity than the company wanted.

Other lawyers were called in. Meantime engineering unions threatened to stop work if Mary was fired. They did stop work to await the final decision.

All this upset the directors more than ever. There were discussions among them. The General Manager threatened to resign if Mary was sacked.

Steel corporations in Pittsburg and elsewhere held up their consignments of bridge parts.

Insurance companies began to think they would lose money if the big bridge was not executed in time. They joined the fray. They pointed out that more delay would cost fortunes.

That frightened everybody. Word was sent, after three weeks, to Mary to come back.

The other girls admitted defeat. The General Manager himself took Mary up to the office in face of cheering workers.

The steel girders began to swing again from cranes. More flowers came to the office, and candies too.

And then, after the bridge was finished, Mary Hennessy went and married somebody else.

BERT WILSON.

Uranium

FOLLOWING the revelations about the atomic bomb some officials of the Cornish School of Metaliferous mining at Camborne told us that there is probably more uranium in the Cornish granite than in any other part of the country.

It will be possible to extract this easily when and if the scientists discover how to use uranium for industrial purposes.

When that does happen it may be possible to have unlimited power and light for a fraction of the cost of gas and electricity.

Radium, from which uranium is extracted, used to be mined at two places in Cornwall, St. Austell and St. Ives, but Britain never had much advantage from them, for the one at St. Austell was run by a French company and the other by a German company.

The experts say that there is still radium there in payable quantities.

CUMBERLAND



Tranquil Rydal in the County of Beautiful Lakes

I HAVE a picture before me, as I write. It is a photograph, taken in the depths of winter by a friend as he stood on Castle Head and looked out over the landscape before him: over Derwentwater to the great peaks behind, with Catbells in their centre.

Visualise the Lake District as you have probably seen it, if you have been so fortunate.

As you have stood on some height and looked across those placid lakes, there has been, first, the green slope of your platform going down to meet the even more green fields at your feet where they merge into the blue of the water.

Maybe there is a belt of trees heavy with foliage, and others, more dimly seen in the distance; and rising from the further verge of the lake, the tall masses of the mountains, greeny-blue or mauve in the light of the summer sun.

Bees and insects drone about you; there is the scent of wild flowers; the heat rises around you and makes you yearn for the coolness of the water that lies below, and across which a small boat may be slowly moving.

You have climbed steadily and with some toil to reach the spot on which you stand, and you think, happily, of the easy walk ahead when you decide to go down into the valley.

But this photograph on my desk shows a different lake-land. There is no colour in it; no warmth.

In the foreground the rounded edge of Castle Head looks like a great snow-drift. Below, fragile-looking trees rise from a white blanket of snow. Beyond them, the lake is only slightly less white than the fields.

The wooded islands look for all the world like those little decorations you stick on a Christmas cake; and at the back, the mountains are softer in outline than you saw them, their summits smooth with the snow and their slopes shadowed by their valleys and hollows.

You would not recognise the landscape, even if it were some favourite spot, were it not for the shape of the individual peaks, and even they have an unfamiliar appearance.

FRIEND OR FOE.

Those two pictures—the one of memory, the other printed on paper—show the extremes of scenery lakeland can offer. But those of you who know Cumberland know that it is different from day to day; often from hour to hour.

At one time it can be a vast friendly landscape, almost pastoral. At another, the great hills lower over the countryside, with threatening black or

purple clouds around their heads.

They can be neighbourly or like enemies, according to their mood.

When you first go to Cumberland it is like coming across a miracle, a perpetual one. However long you stay, or however often you visit the county, you must always expect to be surprised and enchanted by some new colour scheme, some new and strange blending of those three ingredients that make it so beautiful—the lakes, the mountains, and the valley fields.

I should have added a fourth—the sky. You never, perhaps, realise how full of life a sky can be until you watch wide masses of cloud come bowling over the tip of Skiddaw, changing

clouds (and sometimes, indeed, the clouds come down to meet them).

They are young, compared with the peaks, yet they have stood there for many centuries, and, becoming mellow with time, now form a part of the landscape.

At one time, no doubt, they seemed out of place on those bare mountain sides, but now they appear to grow from the turf as natural outcrops of stone.

The Cumberland stone is a beautiful thing in itself. It, too, has gracious colouring—shades of purple and dark green merging into the beech-grey of its general colouring. It fits well into a countryside which has so much colour.

County Tour by D. N. K. Bagnall

ing hue as they go; or stand above Wastwater, on Scawfell Pike, facing distant Seascale and the horizon water of the open Atlantic, with sunlight flooding down from behind a bank of sombre cloud; or (Heaven help you!) see the outriders of gathering storm-clouds come streaming on, from Great Gable.

It is as if the clouds themselves were affected by the grandeur of the peaks and set themselves to rival their colourful masses.

The sky never seems to be at peace. Its urgent activity seems to make the mountains more serene or more mournful, according to their mood.

In point of view of size or magnificence, the mountains and hills of Cumberland cannot compare with those of Switzerland. Even Cross Fell is less than 3,000 feet, and Skiddaw only just tops it.

Although they have their danger points, they do not set the accomplished mountaineer the problems he meets elsewhere in Europe. Yet they can be terrifying in their loneliness and frightening when they are in their blackest tempers.

It is sometimes comforting to come across one of those old stone walls that, on some of the heights, run up the sloping sides of the mountains, almost as if they sought to reach the

It is not curious that, despite the hordes of holiday-makers who flood into it in the summer months, Cumberland retains its reputation as one of the most unspoilt and lonely counties of England.

SOLITUDE.

No doubt parts of Wastwater and Derwentwater are crowded with motor-cars and scanty bathing costumes in July and August, but you have only to take stick in hand and wander but a few miles away and you will be in the midst of isolation—glorious, changing scenery where the wind seems to sweep unfettered and the wild birds are as startled as if they had never seen Man before.

We think of Cumberland as a stretch of great heights and lakes. Yet it contains, too, many of the usual features of the English countryside—extensive woodlands, smiling fields, streams, villages and towns.

There was a time when the county's levels were almost entirely covered by forest, and even now that much of it has been felled, there are many belts of dense woodland in which you could lose yourself with the greatest ease.

They lie mostly in the river valleys, where, too, you will find those whitewashed houses of Cumberland stone that re-

main, with slight repair, the living places of men throughout the ages.

In Keswick, Penrith and the other larger towns this stone is turned to fine account, and although you may find the general impression harder than you get in the towns of most other counties, it provides a charm of its own.

In Alston, that market town in the extreme east, yet in the very heart of the mountains, with Cross Fell and Middle Fell at its doors, you have the thing more decisively than anywhere else.

Alston claims to be the highest town in England, and you have to climb anything from 1,500 to 2,000 feet to reach it.

It is also one of the grimest towns I know, and yet, on looking back, it does seem to have its own appeal. At least one can remember it with affection for being the gateway to so many lovely things lying round about.

Penrith is quite a different place. It has all the neighbourliness of the English market town and contains many attractive buildings, not forgetting those two good inns, The Gloucester Arms and "The Two Golden Lions."

Carlisle is, of course, a place on its own in this great countryside. Its older beauty has gradually become smothered by modern industry.

It is strange that such remarkable countryside as Cumberland possesses can tail off into such an uninteresting coast. There are such outstanding features as Black Combe in the south, and St. Bees. But these are exceptions in a rather dull coastline, which does, however, hold Whitehaven and Workington and Maryport.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Have you ever been called Timothy Dexter?

Asks C. N. DORAN

IF an American tells you that you are "Timothy Dexter," he means that you are, or have been, remarkably lucky.

In Massachusetts the phrase is a common one and American soldiers and sailors have used the words in the recent war, the British Forces who heard them being completely at a loss to fathom the meaning.

Timothy Dexter actually lived. He was regarded in Newburyport, Mass., to which town he belonged, as one of the craziest geniuses in the world of finance. He just couldn't do anything "wrong."

He was born about 1750. It was about 1790 when he carried out his most stupid idea, as some people thought. Some joker in his home town suggested that he ship a cargo of coal to Newcastle.

The term "taking coal to Newcastle" was a proverb by that time. But Timothy took the joker's advice seriously. He loaded a ship in Virginia with coal and sent it across the Atlantic.

His friends thought that he was crazy and that he would lose his money. But it so happened that there was a strike among the Tyne miners when his ship sailed up the river; and Timothy's cargo was sold at a profit!

On another occasion someone urged him to export warming pans to Havana. Not knowing that Havana was in the semi-tropics, Timothy ordered warming pans by the thousand and sent them off by cargo boat.

Again the jokers who had made the suggestion expected to laugh at his ruin. But again "luck" was with Timothy.

His warming pans arrived at Havana when the new molasses industry was in its infancy. The manufacturers were short of equipment to skim the large vats of the molasses; and Timothy's warming pans proved the very thing.

They had long handles and the industry bought up all he sent and asked for more.

By this time Dexter was a wealthy man, but that was nothing to him. He was in business for the sake of business, not for money only.

One of his biggest successes was due to a misunderstanding—indeed, many of them were. In this case he had heard a sailor say that there was a shortage of "stay stuff."

The sailor meant the stays for ships' masts, but Timothy thought he meant corsets for women. He sent agents out to buy up all the whalebone they could lay hands on. In those days women's corsets were lined with ribs of whalebone.

When Dexter had cornered the market he began to see that he had made a bad break. But his luck held.

There was a shortage of whalebone in the French market, where fashionable corsets were getting longer and longer! and every country was following the Paris fashion.

Dexter had the market in his hand and sold at his own price.

But with all his fortunate speculations he had one grievance. Wealthy men and families looked down on him, in spite of his money. This rankled with Timothy.

When the Bourbon dynasty in France was toppling and this was of interest to America—Dexter circulated an offer to give hospitality to the French king. He did this as a self-advertising stunt.

He bought immense supplies of food with the intention of giving banquets to Royalty. But there was no reply to his invitation

and it seemed as if he was caught on the wrong foot. But he wasn't.

The great stores he had bought caused a shortage in the food market in America; and he sold his stock back at a big profit.

He built himself a big house to invite friends, but his competitors sneered at the invitations. So Timothy bought a lion and made a show of it, charging a fee for the public to enter his grounds and see the beast at liberty.

It was a huge success. The lion was enclosed in a portion of his park and roamed almost at will. Thousands came to see it. When he had tired of the lion he sold it to a show (again at a profit) and again tried to get into "society."

Still the socialites shunned him and this preyed on his mind. He took to drink.

He transacted all his business in the morning because he was generally drunk in the evenings. But still he prospered beyond his dreams.

In 1799, he decided to turn his large mansion into a museum. He had builders in and gave orders for his own tomb to be erected. On the top of the tomb he had placed a carved figure which he called the Goddess of Reason. He called his tomb the Temple.

After the tomb was built he decided that he would rehearse his own funeral and advertised it.

The entire town of Newburyport came to see this unique spectacle, and a general holiday was proclaimed.

Thousands of spectators lined the route. The pall bearers carried a great green and white casket in which Dexter was supposed to be lying pretending death. But the casket was empty.

The truth was that Timothy was at home having a great row with his wife because she had not shed enough tears to please him at his "death."

But he went ahead with his idea of the museum. He engaged carvers who cut out wooden representations of three American presidents. These figures were placed in a prominent position with the figures of William Pitt, British kings, Moses, Adam and Eve, Noah, and other historical characters.

Then he had a colossal statue of himself erected and put the inscription below it: "Lord Timothy Dexter, First in the East, First in the West, and the Greatest Philosopher on Earth."

By this time people thought, not without reason, that he was going mad. Maybe he was, but he wasn't finished yet.

He wrote a "book on philosophy," which no publisher would print. There was not a period or comma in the writing. The book was entitled "Pickle," and began:

"I'm the first Lord in the yonited States of Americay of Newburyport this is the voice of the people and I cant help it . . ."

Since no printer would publish it he had it printed at his own expense. He brought out a second edition, too, and because there were criticisms of the lack of punctuation he devoted a supplement to this edition.

The supplement contained about its twenty lines of nothing but full stops, commas and other punctuation marks for readers to "peper and salt it as they liked."

A few years later he died, in 1806, and was buried in great state in the green and white casket he had made. But his book, "Pickle," even now, is eagerly sought after by collectors.



It is said that ever since the birth of the world the cry of humanity has been, "Tell me a story!" And here is proof. Start from the beginning of inquiry, and (on the right) is plain Baby Talk with a serious maiden, with wrinkled brow opening (somewhat cautiously), the mystery of Infant Care. And no wonder, with that bundle in white pants beside her. But, wait a minute, glance at the left, among the grasses. Anything Can Happen, says this title—and what a title, and what an inquirer! Now, supposing you changed the books of these inquirers and gave the one to t'other. It's still intriguing, isn't it?



The really big liar has had his day

THE death of Doktor Goebels saw the end of the undisputedly greatest liar of the twentieth century. He was the latest of a line of great liars that traditionally began with Ananias—if propaganda is lying.

Acknowledged Prince of Liars until the advent of Goebels was one Rudolf Eric Raspe, also of Germany. Few people have heard of Raspe, but everyone knows of his masterly lies published as the reminiscences of Baron Munchausen in 1785 and still a "classic," although to-day they are read mostly by children.

It is a principle of lying that the bigger the lie the more likely it is to be believed.

It is not easy to give a characteristic example of Munchausen in a sentence, but a

typical example of his adventures concerns the occasion when in Poland he ties up his horse to what appears to be the branch of a tree sticking out of the snow and then falls asleep beside it. In the morning he awakes to find the snow has melted and that what he took to be the branch of a tree was the steeple of a church.

The melting snow lowered him gently to the ground, but his horse was still tied to the steeple hundreds of feet up. How to get it down?

The Baron says: "Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey."

JUST A PAWN. It is doubtful whether Raspe expected his reminiscences of Munchausen to be taken seriously, but he was a very prac-

tised liar in his ordinary life, fleeing from Germany because of a misunderstanding over the duties of a museum curator.

He said he had the right to pawn the exhibits, and earned a considerable sum in Scotland by persuading impoverished lairds there was gold in their property.

Finding that Munchausen's adventures were believed by many, he proceeded to exploit him with more and more fantastic lies.

The 18th century seems to have been rich in large-scale liars.

One of the most curious was William Ireland, whose lies started with the statement that amongst a whole bundle of ancient documents placed at his disposal by a friend he had found a letter from William Shakespeare to Queen Elizabeth.

The letter had actually been forged very skillfully by his own hands; the friend did not exist.

This lie was followed up with others about other documents, all relating to Shakespeare and all forged by him.

In time Ireland produced the manuscript of the Sonnets, part of "King Lear," and finally a complete new play by Shakespeare called "Voortigen and Rowena."

That Ireland was able to persuade not only the public but notable scholars of his day that these were really authentic manuscripts is proof of his skill. Incidentally, the hitherto unknown play was sufficiently close to Shakespeare's style to be accepted.

It was set down for production at Drury Lane, but in the meantime scholars were busy showing that the play could not possibly be by Shakespeare from internal evidence.

Before the first night the rumour was going round that it was by a mere boy—Ireland was only 18—but the play went on, with Edmund Keane in the lead.

Its run was short. Ireland was exposed, and after life as a hack-writer, ended in the workhouse.

The case of Thomas Chatterton is somewhat similar. From the age of seven on this strange boy had shown a great interest in old manuscripts and all the marks of a scholar and poet.

His first great lie was to his schoolmaster—he presented him with the "ancient" manuscript of a poem which, in fact, he had written and forged on parchment in his attic. He followed this up by forging a pedigree for himself and seeking a coat of arms.

The College of Heralds were not deceived, but dismissed the matter as a boyish prank.

While Chatterton was still a schoolboy he began the com-

position and forgery of the "Rowley Poems" that made him world-famous. These purported to be poems by one Thomas Rowley who had lived in the 15th century. They were fine poems, and everyone was taken in.

The interest in the forgery was so great that the quality of the poems themselves was overlooked. Mortified at being found out, Chatterton poisoned himself in a garret at the age of 18, bringing to an end what might have been a brilliant life.

CANNIBAL LOUIS.

A very different kind of liar was Louis de Rougement, who fascinated all England at the end of the last century by his stories of "28 years spent amongst the aborigines of Australia" as King of the Cannibals.

De Rougement lectured before the Royal Geographical Society and the British Association.

The end came when it was disclosed that De Rougement was really a Swiss manservant named Louis Grin, who may have visited the aborigines, but had certainly spent the greater part of his 28 years with the cannibals living comfortably in civilisation. He got his material in the British Museum.

Another great liar of exploration was Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, who in 1909 claimed to have reached the North Pole.

Cook's story, full of detail, was unhesitatingly accepted, and he was feted and congratulated. This continued until Commander Peary returned from the Pole and threw doubts on Cook's story.

The matter was investigated by experts, and Cook was discredited.

HE TOOK-IS-HOOK.

He seems to have been led astray by his anxiety to be honoured as the first man to achieve this distinction. He gave the names of his two Eskimo servants who journeyed north with him—one was called Etokishook—but they were never called as witnesses, for they couldn't be located.

But hoaxes have been perpetrated. Perhaps the most successful newspaper hoax ever put out was about a hundred years ago, when the "New York Daily Sun" filled two or three columns daily for a week with "reports" by one of its staff, R. A. Locke, describing the remarkable discoveries made by Sir John Herschel with his new telescope.

The articles described lunar animals supposed to have been seen through the telescope, and the story was exceedingly skilfully done.

R. L. STEPHENS.

IT WORKS—ALIBI BUREAU

IT works in New York, so why shouldn't it work in London—further instructions, she caused strange noises and squeals to be heard by the neighbours. Then she began to ring the doorbells of the other flats.

They call it the Alibi Bureau. It was started by Donald Peterson, ex-actor, in 1939. It boomed from the day it became known; and it became known quickly.

The Alibi Bureau is established to establish alibis for people in awkward situations.

It is careful not to clash with the law. It doesn't, for instance, make up an alibi for a criminal; but it does make up alibis for people who need one to get them out of nice social tangles.

There is nothing the Alibi Bureau shies at. Give the staff a predicament and they will clean it up, and tell you the fee.

The fee is the one matter in which there is NO alibi.

One of the toughest cases was solved shortly after the Bureau was opened. It is typical of many.

A young couple had entered into a long lease for a flat in a swell part of New York, but the husband's business failed and he could not face the rent. The landlord was approached, but he refused to break the lease.

The couple tried to sub-let and were told that they had no right to do this. It became imperative to get rid of that lease, or ruin stared the couple in the face. The wife came to the Alibi Bureau.

It took exactly ten minutes for her to get advice.

"Go home," she was told, "and eat lettuce. Let the neighbours see you eating lettuce as you come and go. Strew lettuce about the staircase. Everywhere. Pick the lettuce up and eat it."

She did it, and according to further instructions, she caused strange noises and squeals to be heard by the neighbours. Then she began to ring the doorbells of the other flats.

When the neighbours came to their doors she beckoned mysteriously to them. She took them up to her flat. She showed them a cupboard filled with lettuce.

They asked her what was the meaning of it. She answered, always mysteriously, and in the same words.

"Don't you see, I'm a rabbit! My husband is a rabbit, too. You are a rabbit. The landlord is a rabbit. Have a lettuce!"

It worked. The landlord sent an agent down to investigate, for all the other flat dwellers threatened to leave.

The lease was broken and the couple thus got rid of their expensive flat.

If a business man wants to be "late at the office" he can have an alibi. Sometimes it may be "sitting up with a sick friend."

Sometimes a representative of the Bureau will call on the wife and tell her that the husband is attending a directors' meeting.

The wife may ring up the office, or the address given. The Bureau answer the phone.

The husband is "in conference" and musn't be disturbed, but he'll be home at a stated hour. He always is. The Bureau see to that.

The Bureau can even furnish a doctor, or a dentist, or any professional man for an alibi. The prices of an alibi range from five dollars to much higher fees.

They are watertight alibis. The Bureau stands behind them all.

A. THORNWOOD.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

STAMP collectors everywhere, and particularly in the Forces, will welcome the announcement that from September 1, 1945, stamps and philatelic material generally may be both imported and exported freely without reference to the Stamp Control, within the sterling area. In making this announcement, however, the British Philatelic Association calls attention to the fact that permits must still be obtained in respect of philatelic transactions with any country not in the sterling area, involving sale, purchase or exchange, exactly as before. Any attempt to evade these regulations will lay the evaders open to prosecution by H.M. Customs and Excise, who have powers of inspection over both inward and outward mail. The Sterling area embraces all parts of the



British Empire (except Canada and Newfoundland), any territory under British mandate, Egypt, the Sudan, Iraq, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands.

A NEW set of pictorial stamps for Nyasaland has just been released in London, comprising thirteen values. These, with their colours and subjects, are: 1d. brown and black (Canoe on Lake Nyasa), 1d. green and black (Soldier of King's African Rifles), 1½d. grey and black (Tea Estate, Mlanje Mountain), 2d. vermilion and black (Map and Coat of Arms), 3d. blue and black (Fishing Village on Lake Nyasa), 4d. magenta and black (Tobacco Estate), 6d. violet and black (Tea Estate, Mlanje Mountain), 9d. olive-bistre and black (Canoe on Lake Nyasa), 1s. grey-green and blue (Map and Coat of Arms), 2s. brown and green, 2s. 6d. dark blue and green (Tobacco Estate), 5s. dark blue and mauve (Coat of Arms of Nyasaland), 10s. green and red (Map and Coat of Arms), £1 black and vermilion (Coat of Arms).

Nyasaland still retains its popularity among colonial collectors, and this set should prove a good investment at present price, a little above face.

REFERRING back to the suggestion that Britain should issue victory stamps to mark the complete cessation of hostilities, a petition on these lines has been prepared for presentation to the new Postmaster-General.

A correspondent now writes that, "as it will be agreed that nearly all the most valuable scientific and engineering inventions of the war were discovered by Englishmen—the medical use of penicillin, the Mosquito aeroplane, the Bailey Bridge and the Mulberry Harbour—the whole civilised world ought to be informed. What better method than by the use of postage stamps illustrating these subjects?"

The writer adds that "to make a satisfactory picture, with the King's head in the corner of the stamp, and with appropriate wording, a stamp would be required at least as large as our present half-crown stamp."

To support his argument for publicising ourselves he points out that "ever since the last war, certain nationalities, Germany, Japan, American Isolationists, and a group of English cranks, have preached that England is, decadent and degenerate; and the English habit of understatement has encouraged this false propaganda."

IN the meantime, news comes from Greece that the Post Office intend issuing shortly a single stamp commemorating the victorious termination of the Second World War. Switzerland and certain South American republics have already their victory stamps, and one or two have been illustrated here.

Illustrated in this column are two Norwegian commemoratives in honour of the composers Rikard Nordraaks and Edvard Grieg. The Luxemburg stamp is one of a charity series dedicated to "Our Lady of Luxemburg."



Good Morning



High Street, King's Lynn, is always a busy place when the shops are open, for most of the goods and groceries needed for the 22,000 population of Norfolk's seaport are bought in this narrow thoroughfare. The atmosphere of a quiet afternoon in a peaceful English country town is perfectly expressed in this southward view.



King's Lynn

For this grand view of the Ouse, winding in a broad curve through fallow meadows and neat cottages, you mount the foot-worn steps of St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn. Thousands of visitors have found the climb richly rewarded by the broad panorama over the rooftops.



Buying vegetables in King's Lynn is a leisurely, cheerful affair—if you get them from old Sam Southgate. He's 75, and has four boys in the Royal Navy. That bundle of carrots would make a good feed for long-eared Ned, down by the gooseberries with flaxen-haired Brenda Coates.



And here's Market Square, on market day. Farmers from Norfolk's thriving acres have driven in for some brisk business, with an eye to building up first-class herds, picking up first-class bargains, and setting up top-class glasses in the nearby taverns. What goes on in Market Square is anybody's business—but when the deals are done, well, it's nobody's business who gets his leg pulled in the "local."



Happy days! We were young, once, and remember how it feels to have school over, supper to come, and the little girl from across the street to romp with. It's the same almost everywhere, and down in Quay Lane, by the old granaries of King's Lynn, "boy meets girl" has done a double, and four happy youngsters will play until their mothers call them—and then some, if we know anything!



★ South Gate, like a castle in miniature, is a reminder of the spacious days when chivalry and tournaments, cavaliers and swooning maidens, made "Merrie England" the envy of the Continent. How long the turreted defence has been standing is one of Time's secrets, hidden from even the wisest of King's Lynn's old inhabitants. But its charm remains, and this corner of Norfolk's show town has made more cameras click, and artists' brushes move, than many a "perfect setting" beyond the county borders. ★